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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Past.

BY DR. S. C. OLIVER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The Past, the Past, the mighty Past,
What hand will dare to lift the fall?

When time hath so recently cast
Upon the world his silent, cold

Eye, in sorrow or in mirth?

The thunder tones of Sime's bell,
As on the multitude they came,

Canst thou not hear the Past?

Majestic sleep, so great like—

A votive worship, do not strike!

Frown mockingly and sleep the rest,
The world in Sime's waves.

The talons of the Alpines,

The swells, under the polar seas—

The whisperings of the summer leaves,

Each night and day, each ebb and flow;

For these will fail, these will not rest?

What is the Past?

The chimes sleep within thy arms,

As calm as stars when storms arise,

Or when from day they hide their charms,

What is the Past?

The pride of Cleopatra's race,

The memory of its garments?

A hand on a vase—

From the past, grandeur, grandeur, grandeur,

With practice and with practice,

On which we walk, on which we walk,

THE OLO.

Venice's the spot of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

There's something strange,
or rather more.

There's something strange,
I know not what.

Some place I've never got
Before me.

I look on high in the sky
"I'm going."

On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems strange.

Be it as it may, a spirit
To sever.

Go where I will, it would me dwells
For me.

And then comes by day and night
It awoke.

In every shape the wailed spirit
Wails me.

Sometime, the bright eyes of blue
"I'm going."

Sometime, the fit, in sleep or neat,
Crying.

By a sleepless round of every sort
I'm going.

Never was mortal man, in short,
But I'm going.

—

The Park in London.

But another moment, we have crossed the park

—Here, where the whips, whose stock

in trade and means of living consist of a little series of ornate pipes, stand on the platform

for the heavy weather, after his offer to sell

at the corner of the street. There, a party of

drunken guardians and their uniform female

companions, the mass of Orchid Street or Duck

Lane. Inside the railings of the church-yard, you

see a row of six coffins placed side by side, and the

funeral service read over the "lot" with the

reverence of a priest.

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